

Books and Sugar by nerdsarehot75

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Summary:

From the prompt: Hopper brings Will books while he recuperates in hospital and also sneaks in some sugary cereal.

Books and Sugar

Hop had managed to sneak past the nurse on duty without too many problems. In his hands were a few books and as he gently eased open the door the questioning face of Joyce looked back at him. Will was sitting up in the bed and instantly smiled when he saw Hop standing in the doorway. He walked in and placed the books down on the bedside table.

"Thought you might need something to keep you occupied," he said, avoiding looking at either of them. He'd just wanted to pop in and put them there without anyone seeing.

"Thanks Sir," Will said.

"I also brought this," he said, pulling the box of cereal out from under his coat. It was one of the sugary brands that he'd seen in the kitchen at their house. He could feel the disapproval from Joyce but the smile it brought to Will's face was worth it.

"You didn't have to do that," Joyce said.

"Yeah, well, I understand how boring hospitals are." He shrugged his shoulders. "Thought it would cheer him up."

"Hop and I need a moment," Joyce said to Will before dragging him out of the room by his arm.

They stood in the artificially lit hallway, the sounds of beeps and voices from other rooms at the periphery of their senses. She glared up at him, her arms crossed over her chest.

"He's not meant to be eating that sugary crap," she said.

"He'll be fine," Hop replied, barely containing the eye roll.

"The doctor's said it wasn't good for him in this condition," she said.

"Joyce, the kid is fine. Will is fine," he said.

"But what if he's not?" she snapped before a sob choked her.

Eyes widening he pulled her to him, holding her as sobs wracked her body. He gently ran his hands up and down her back, trying to ease the flow of tears. She clutched him as if he were her life line.

"It's okay. We saved him. He's going to be just fine," he whispered into her hair, holding her as if she was the most precious thing in the world.

"What if there's something wrong with him that the doctors can't find? They said it was toxic in there. He could be dying for all they know," she cried, a touch of hysteria in her voice.

"Joyce, Joyce, he's alive. He's doing well. Nothing will happen to

him. We won't let anything happen to him," he replied.

Slowly the crying abated and they stood together in silence, holding one another. Slowly she looked up at him, tears still clinging to her eyelashes and he couldn't help but think she was the strongest person he'd ever met.

"You didn't have to come," she said.

"Yes I did," he replied.

She lent up on tiptoes and gave him a quick kiss. He looked down at her, surprise evident but also longing. He lent down and kissed her, longer and deeper, and her fingers dug into him as she kissed back, just as needy. When they pulled away she smiled shyly at him and he placed a gentle kiss on her forehead.

"Everything is going to be okay," he said, before leading her back into her son's room. She believed him. This time round everything would be okay.